UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO. PUBLISHERS.

NUMBER NINETY-EIGHT, CHESNUT STREET.

TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXIV. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1844. WHOLE NO. 1172.

Original Poetry.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

STANZAS.

WRITTEN IN AN UNKNOWN LADY'S ALBUM, AT THE SPRINGS, IN SARATOGA.

BY THE ALBUM.

'Twas a beautiful thought in the annals of Time,
That suggested the Album to man—
In which to display the enchantments of rhyme,
Or the precepts of erudite lore.

In which to paint gaily, the colors of hope,
A drawing yours the illusion to paint,
Or the tints of the rainbow, slightly resem-
bling the hue drawn character. There was a
kind of inexplicable charm of the two por-
traits in his appearance. A handsome form,
an intelligent countenance, together with the
gray eyes (though not particularly small,) and
an assurance of manner bordering on the con-
ceit attributed to him by Constance.

"Russel," said James, "this is my sister
Kate—to whom you must be first introduced by
right of seniority—and this is my little sister
Constance."

The sisters exchanged glances, in which
there was something both of mirth and disap-
pointment—and after welcoming their brother
and his friend, they led the way to the house.

Mr. Arlington, had an office under govern-
ment, or to speak in the conventional terms of
those days, he was a placeman: and highly re-
spectable he was in his station. A man of strict in-
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the notice of some of the nobility. Upon his
first introduction to Russel, he conceived an
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feeling was involuntary, and he strove to over-
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increased than diminished, upon a more inti-
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ful in the expression of his eye; something in-
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gravity of his manners, which occasioned a
strange and unaccountable dread of evil at the
idea of having him to remain long under his
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Frank Russel was a lawyer; and well versed
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prolonged from day to day and week to week,
for notwithstanding the opinion of Mr. Arling-
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be treated otherwise than politely in the house
of an English gentleman. Russel, however,
with a natural quick sighted perception of the
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His mission into the family, he attached himself par-
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"Come, Constance," said he one day, "get
your bonnet, and walk with me. The air is
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"Ask Catherine to go along, then."

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Constance glanced at her sister, and saw that
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Now, Catherine, what is your impression?"

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"No, no, Kate; I have done no such thing.
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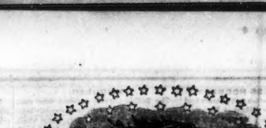

Prize Story.

ARLINGTON HOUSE;
A Domestic Story

FOR WHICH THE PRIZE OF SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLARS WAS AWARDED BY THE COMMITTEE.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

BY MISS ELIZABETH BOGART.

PART I

More than half a century has been swallow-
ed up in the dark abyss of Time, since
the tale which I am about to relate, formed the
leading topic of conversation and newspaper
notoriety, in the great world of London and its
suburbs.

The existing nature of the incidents, awa-
kened feelings of horror and thrilling interest
in the neighborhood of their occurrence; and
the simple truth will scarcely need a touch
from the fanciful pencil of romance, to
heighten its glowing colors in the imagination.

Arlington House was a large and gloomy
looking mansion, situated in a lonely
part of the County of Surrey. It was built of
brick, and surrounded by shrubbery, the very
sight of which inspired thoughts of melancholy.
The leafy bush intermingled its thorns with the
cypress, hemlock and laurel, to form a hedge
around the house, that might have answered for a
mournful cry clung with a tenacious hold to
the dark looking bricks, and worked their way
upward, till the last faint thoughts of verdure left
their gloom. Two immense willow trees add-
ed their mockery of weeping, as their long
branches drooped from the grass, and exclaimed
from the windows the bright face of the genial
sun. The beautiful river Thames, the only
cheering object to the eye, was hidden from
the, from the turret, in the distance; while on
the other side, a long, green solitary lane led
through an artificial wood to the public road.

And who, my readers will perhaps ask, were
the inhabitants of this portentous looking edi-
fice? And next time, the fiction, we may enjoy
the romance of reality."

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sured all your questions to the best of my
ability—and you have kept all your paintings
of the elegant and fascinating Frank Russel to
yourself. I insist on comparing sketches; and
then we shall see which proves truest to na-
ture."

Translation.

THE FAMILY PORTRAITS.

TRANSLATED FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, FROM THE FRENCH OF SOPHIE BARADAL.

BY EDGAR WAYNE.

The Comte de Lisbau, who was expatriated at the commencement of the French Revolution, forgetting the decree which condemned to death all exiles who should return to their native land, and the vehemence of the tempest, desire to revisit the scenes of his childhood and youth. But upon entering France he found his property confiscated, his château sold to the prescribed, and the most imminent dangers menacing his life. His former friends were either dead or exiled, or they looked in him to find an asylum; for hospitality held in check by the fear of death, dared not to open its door to unfortunates.

For about a month the Comte was enabled to conceal himself from the eager search of the revolutionists, but finding that there was to be severed, and he was on the point of being dragged forth to the scaffold, when he was saved by a stratagem of his daughter Constance. To his deliverer was a small merchant of the Rue de Clery, named Hubert—a man whom the Comte had never seen, and with whom he had the slightest intercourse with him, and upon whose pity he had no other claims than those of mutual humanity. It was a generous act on the part of Hubert. He received the Comte into his house, and at the peril of his own life, continued to be his benefactor, and supported him during the interval, which proved impracticable even to the Argus eyes of his bloodthirsty persecutors. The tempest having subsided, and the terrible carnage, and the sanguinary reign of terror having ceased, Hubert shared his humble fare with his guest, and strove by the most delicate and benevolent attentions to alleviate his fears, and make his duress endurable.

The stoic murderers at length, by turning their fury against each other, delivered the nation from the yoke of which it had not the courage to relieve itself; and which might have endured longer if the enthralling passion of the murderous factionists had been able, by some against the people, to continue their reign. This spark of destructive justice—the fear of the murderers—the destruction of the fiend of Satan divided against itself—shines, a warning, amid the quivering and overthrow of all the principles of humanity, of morality, and of political justice. The Comte de Lisbau came forth from his concealment with sentiments of the most lively gratitude to his benefactor.

Fortunately one delightful estate which he possessed in the neighborhood of Paris had, by a happy chance escaped sequestration. Here, nearly every week, he received visits from the good Hubert, Madam Hubert, and the little Louise, their charming daughter. He invited them to his table, and never lost sight of the service they had rendered him. On ordinary occasions he manifested his sense of it as equal with equal; but when it chanced that he had brilliant and grand guests from the metropolis, he did even more. He set aside all conventional rules of precedence, and in his code of ceremony he caused the shop-keeper and his family to take the place of honor, and to be first served. His conduct said to his butterfly acquaintances, who feared, when need was, to be his friends, 'I beg your pardon—you have never saved my life.'"

The business of the good Hubert prospered. Meanwhile the pretty Louise, was now in her fifteenth—but she was now full grown and beautiful. Hubert had determined to unite her to the son of a neighbor—a good young man, not rich, but with an active mind which could not fail one day to make him so. The match had already been arranged two months in the minds of the parents, and six in the heart of Louise, when suddenly misfortune overturned the pretty edifice which love and guileless-ness had so prettily erected together—the love of Louise, and the prudence of the four parents.

The fortunes of the honest prosper, while they meet no rogues on the way. Rogues are never scarce—and that may be one reason why the honest are often shipwrecked. Hubert and Hubert counted too much on the honesty of others. He suffered many losses, till at last he found himself lower by creditors, whom he had no means to pay. The marriage of Louise would, it is true, repair in a great measure the misfortunes of his family. Charles, as we said, was not rich, but he was young, and in good credit. He was generous, and he would not suffer the parents of his Louise to suffer. But the marriage was broken off. The father of Charles, an excellent antimercantean, counted that love for nothing which brought shillings—and he would hear no more of the marriage. It would not be easy to describe the despair of Louise and Charles. The latter, who was not so good a calculator as his father, would have been glad to commence with a wife an empiral stock, and trusted in industry for money afterwards.

Hubert sought in vain for resources to meet and avert the misfortune which threatened him. His friends who would have helped him were too poor, and those who could have helped him were too selfish, and abandoned him. There remained only one to whom he could apply—the Comte de Lisbau—but he was precisely the one to whom he would not go in his great misfortune. But Madame Hubert was not so fastidious. As her husband had not mentioned the Comte in his delibera-tions, she supposed that it was because he had forgotten him, and Madame Hubert mentioned the application to the Comte as a remedy of her own discovery.

"We have rendered him so many services," she said.

"So much the more reason that," the husband answered; "that we should ask nothing of him."

"We have saved his life," said the wife.

"So much the better for us," said the husband. "I have saved many people in shoals—"

"He is a generous man," she continued.

"All therefore," Hubert answered, "we should be the more careful not to abuse his generosity."

"Of his feelings"—the wife persisted.

"And so ought we to be, or less than her," her husband answered.

"I am sure," said Madame, "that if he knew our condition, he would instantly come to our succor."

"I do not doubt that," said Hubert. "But if he is at all like other men, when I have no-plied to him, I shall have lost, with his assistance, by the forfeiture of his friendship, and of my self respect, all that remains to me for the good I have done. I will not submit to the humiliations."

Madame Hubert was about to press the subject further, but her husband checked her with some asperity. "Say no more—refer! Buy no more! I wish the Comte to remain ignorant of our misfortunes, and I intend your writing to oppose him of them."

"The good wife acquiesced to obedience, held her peace, and let her tears run. But Louise, who had said nothing, yet yet being married, had not learned obedience, and did not choose to consider this intended as extending to a prohibition in her case.

"I think," she said to herself, "that my father is wrong. His delicacy very much resembles pride. When one is unfortunate, when it is more natural, what more proper than to ask aid of the persons whom one has befriended? In giving them an opportunity to show their gratitude is meeting them with having received a benefit? My father deceives himself. To reject such an offer is to destroy friendship—to doubt a friend is to believe him ungrateful. No, No! M. de Lisbau does not deserve so severe a condemnation at the hands of my father. I will write to him myself, and nobody shall know it but him." And she did write and despatch the following letter:

"Your friends, Monsieur, are in affliction, and about to sink into despair. A series of unfortunate bankruptcies has swept from them in an instant the result of their long industry and economy. In five days our little shop, and our furniture will be put up at sale, by order of the sheriff. You are our only resource, but my father will not call you to his aid,—as if the little he has to do may have been to you, deprived you of the privilege of succoring the unfortunate. And I, Monsieur, I will not do you the injustice to profess you a pleasure worthy of such a heart as yours. I know no pride, when it becomes necessary to ask for my parents the succors of friendship; and I am sure your friendship will not refuse to the friends of its benefactor.

Louise Hubert."

Louise despatched this letter without having for an instant the gratitude and the generosity of M. de Lisbau. She gave herself up to her hopes—nay the certainty of seeing her father's fortunes completely re-established. She thought nothing could then prevent her marriage, and she smiled—may laughed in spite of joy, in secret, at these secret visions. The imagination of youth is full of such pleasant chimeras; the young believe all beats are attainable to the sentiments of generosity as their own. In the age of love who believes in selfishness! Knowledge of the human heart is one of the misfortunes of experience.

But the five days have elapsed, and Louise has heard nothing from M. de Lisbau. All her final hopes are wrecked. "Alas!" she said, "I never will believe in mortal man again!"

The creditors of poor Hubert gave him no chance to breathe. As soon as the sheriff would permit they exposed his effects at auction. His little shop was filled with the idle who took every where for amusement, and with the avaricious who are ever ready to speculate on misfortune. The constables put under the hammer all even the effects of the little family, who, standing aside, steal now and then a melancholy look at the desolation of their household, and turn every moment away to burst into tears afresh.

The furniture and stock is all sold, when one of the officers, perceiving two portraits hung by the chimney side, takes them down, and exposes them to the gaze of idlers and purchasers. They are the portraits of good Hubert, and his wife. They were painted in the early days of their marriage—the happy time when the heart, overcome of happiness, and not content with what it possesses in the original, seeks to multiply images.

The portrait of M. and Madame Hubert—a little supernaturalized—excites the mirth of the assemblage, who remember not, that while they laugh there are those present who weep. One of the purchasers offers a contemptuous price for the good man and his wife, and amid the shouts of mirth that follow the two portraits, much to his chagrin, are about to be declared his, when a well known painter bids—

"Two hundred francs for the two portraits."

Was this a new insult? The Hoberts weep afresh—the crowd turn in surprise—but are still more amazed, when from another painter they hear bid—

"Twenty thousand francs!"

"Thirty!" shouted the first voice—and—

"Forty!" cried the other.

Here the bidding ceased. The purchaser paid down a forty francs piece, and the assembly was lost in astonishment. The painter cries as they gaze—"Poor fools! You have robbed them of that which was the value. These two portraits are the works of a celebrated artist long since dead, whose pictures are as rare as beautiful!"—In saying he bore away the prize of which he had made the acquisition.

And now see the good Hubert twice as rich as before his misfortune—he could satisfy his creditors, and continue his business to better advantage. The family were thus reunited with joy—who could have suspected that they possessed such riches in the house? The two portraits in their day had cost each only a dozen francs, and the frames were counted worth much more than the canvass, in the market. But Hubert speaks of nothing but gratitude to his wife; "I cannot help regretting that I was not able to stop the sale of things."

"Ah!" replied his wife—"would we had been rich enough to keep them both!"

Louise partook of the joy of her parents—and felt not a little on her own account. Charles's father—disinterested man! soon remembered that it was his duty and his pleasure to call his neighbors. At first he was coldly enough received; he gave reasons, weak indeed for his conduct, but the father and mother of Louise received his excuses on account of their love for their daughter. Eight days only were allowed to pass before Hubert became the happiest of wives, and Charles the most blessed of husbands.

On the day following the marriage, Hubert said to his wife and daughter—"Pardieu! I have a happy thought. It is now more than a month since we have seen M. de Lisbau—and he promises my denotes mirthfulness: and an eye which—if we are any judges of the expression in the countenance—I know but indicates a head for fun, fun of all kinds, but most of all, a good semi-practical joke. An eye which promises much, and will perform more. Such is the stone upon the word Eastern, "So, Mr. Money-seller, I see you want to purchase Eastern funds."

"Yes, sir, I'm in want of some."

"What rate are you buying at?"

"Five per cent."

"I've some to sell, but five per cent. ain't the word you'll agree to give?" and the stranger took a half enquiring, half-confident tone, accompanied with a malicious twinkle of the eye, which we could not understand. The broker paused a little, and then asked, "Have you much amount, sir?"

"Not a great deal, that is, you will not deal in such a trifle as I only offer for the cover farmers a few hundred dollars appears like a small fortune."

"Well, I'll give you what it's worth."

Here the stranger took a step towards the door, but stop as if in a brown study, whether to go out or not, when the broker said, with an air of a pleasing, touching character; the last purely domestic, and, under the circumstances, conveying a delicate satire likely to do good. He had hitherto played these popular airs on the German flute, but he proposed to exercise them in a graceful, apparently unpremeditated whistle. The fact, the original, wild production contrasted and improved, as the cash is changed into the pippin.

His plan thus settled, Edward felt his mind easy, and he waited the re-appearance of Mrs. Somerton with a gratifying consciousness of being ready for whatever might occur.

In due time coffee was served. The injured lady came too, and with a placid countenance, betraying no lingering evidence of the late unamiable expression. Neither husband nor wife made any allusion to their misunderstanding, and they passed a delightful evening made up of conversation, the piano forte, and chess.

But the next morning, after the usual morning—Rose favored her dear Edward with another visit at his office. She seated him in a graduated scale, to be used according to the urgency of the case—mild, moderate, coaxing, gentle, and gentle, as the outbreak was, or became, violent, more violent, not violent, but violent only when necessary. As the heat rose, this compact thermometer fell; but below the line of zero—for there is no cold zones and undefined mystery. Patience acted as the regulator of the whole.

The melodies were the following, and were arranged in the following order. "In my cottage near a wood," "Sol sunning dun tan," "Home, dear home." The first was the air of a pleasing, touching character; the last purely domestic, and, under the circumstances, conveying a delicate satire likely to do good. He had hitherto played these popular airs on the German flute, but he proposed to exercise them in a graceful, apparently unpremeditated whistle. The fact, the original, wild production contrasted and improved, as the cash is changed into the pippin.

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But—on the sixth day, there appeared clouds. Edward had been in town, and had promised to bring a pair of new trousers for Bobby. He arrived, punctually at dinner time, but without the trousers. He had forgotten them; and it is yet doubtful if this was not enough to try the temper of a saint! They were going the rest of the week, in a very bad humor, and intended to remain in that disagreeable state, as a punishment for the delinquency—so that there might be time to enjoy the full force of it, when they should meet on the first and all fresh, this horrid forgetfulness! But, on the seventh day, Edward was determined to get the quarrel over in a hurry, good or bad, just as they happened to be. If we were to be family—family it should be!

Edward made many apologies. He'd a mind, he really meant to have gone home, but, instead, offered to return to town after dinner and repair his neglect. Oh, if she would but relent of her taking so much trouble for her, what did he care whether she were disappointed or not! His forgetfulness showed how much he thought of her.

Edward again essayed the soothing system; for he loved her, and was conscious that he had given her cause for some slight chagrin. However, she became so perverse that her one excuse was left him to plume, he left off all coaxing and took to whistling.

Trouble for the fairies peace of Rose, while I relate that he considerately himself justified in descending into the region of the vulgar, of the scale. He commenced, *andante* ma non troppo, but energico d'vo cre.

"To leave me in such a situation!" exclaimed the ill-used wife, in a voice interrupted by sobs, "when I had set all my hopes on these bracelets! It is very, very unkind, Edward!"

Edward appeared swagged in meditation and whistle. He whistled with great taste and energy, accenting the first note of each bar as if almost the sequence. But, upon another more cutting observation from Mrs. Somerton, he stopped short, looked sternly at her—and began "Yankee Doodle!"

Heavens! what was to follow? He had reached the last degree, and all else must be tame. Should this fail, the case was indeed hopeless. Rosabury descended slowly, looking forth, inauspicingly, deeds of separation. That the light wedding-ring on the lady's finger grew dull and loose!

Edward himself stood in the centre of the room, with his arms folded, gazing with a steady gaze into the very soul of Rose, who was also the strange inexplicable; could not turn away her head. With a clear and tremulous whistle he recited the whole of Yankee Doodle, through melody, from the first note to the last. Then resolving slowly on his heel, without saying a word, he left the room, shutting the door peaceably after him. His footsteps sank over-powered on the sofa.

Rose, though pretty, was not silly. She saw clearly that she had made a mistake, and, like a sensible girl, she resolved not to go on with it, merely because she had begun it. Her temper, it seemed, would only serve to make her ridiculous instead of benevolent, and she would not altogether rise effect desired.

In half an hour her husband and wife met at the dinner table. Mrs. Somerton sat, smiling—ty, as the land, and was evidently in her healthy way. Mr. Somerton to the chinonest morsels. He was in unusually high spirits, and a more happy family party could scarcely be met with.

From that day, which was two years ago, to the present time, Mrs. Somerton has never found fault without cause. Once or twice, indeed, she has gone so far as to think several about nothing, but the frown left her countenance at once when Edward began to whistle; in a low tune, as if unconsciously, the first few bars of "In my cottage near a wood."

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 13, 1844.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending TWO DOLLARS in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year, and one of the tape needs.

For FIVE DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one of the tape needs.

For TEN DOLLARS, eight copies of the United States Saturday Post, and either of the new needs.

For TWENTY DOLLARS, eighteen copies of the United States Saturday Post, and two needs.

For FIVE DOLLARS and 50 cents, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

For TEN DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, two copies of Graham's Magazine, and two copies of the Ladies' National Magazine.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Herb Day lines shall have an early insertion. The Rose Harbor sweet.

The article on Money we have concluded it inexpedient to publish, and the author if he has not already received it will find it addressed as requested.

The paper on Washington Society is well written but not precisely in our purpose.

The answer to the arithmetical question of December 30th, 1843, sent in by A. S., of Cecil county, Md., Mercantile grocery store, is 32 as the number of gowns, 60 pence paid for each, and 75 pence received as the price of each. The process by which the answer was calculated, was not communicated.

KEEP IT BEFORE THE POETS,

That the publishers of the Saturday Evening Post offer the

FOLLOWING PRIZES.

For Poems to be handed in to the publishers by February 1st, 1844.

For the best POEM of two hundred lines or more, ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS.

For the second best Poem, five hundred lines or less, the sum of Fifty Dollars.

For the second best shorter Poem, Twenty-Five Dollars.

The Poems to be submitted to the Committee must be delivered at 98 Chesnut street before the first day of February, 1844.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Had we the control of the news, it would not certainly be our choice, that such fearful events as are described in this day's Post should ever occur, nor do we give place to accounts of them without much misgiving. Still, however unpleasant, it is part of our duty, as faithful chroniclers, to record what evil as well as what good transpires; and when accidents so foul as these challenge the shocked mind of the public, it becomes our disagreeable task to give them, as a portion of this history of the times. Nor are they without their lessons, if people will read them for the warnings they hold out, and not for the gratification of a morbid appetite for the horrible.

The Eighth of January, the anniversary of the Victory of New Orleans, was duly honored in this and other cities, by military parades, and by festive meetings. It was celebrated in Washington by the passage in the House, by a large majority of the bill to remit Gen. Jackson's fine.

In discussing a resolution, the state of the question between the two countries came out in the Senate, on Monday. It seems that England has expressed a preference that the treaty relative to the subject should be negociated and concluded in this country; and that the minister of Great Britain, now on his way to this country, comes specially charged and empowered to conclude the treaty. As the resolution requested that the instructions of the American Minister should be laid before the Senate, it was deemed unnecessary to prove it in a state of the country, and if was rejected.

Census matters, here and every where else, are in the midst of the hall which usually succeeds to the bustle of the holidays. It is gratifying to find, however, that the progress of the fall transactions is generally satisfactory, and that men look forward with confident cheerfulness to the final business campaign. Our own state and its concerns stand in a much better attitude than they did last Winter, as the financial reports of the managers put the productiveness of the State Improvements in a much better light than was expected or hoped. By a proper and careful management and development of her resources, the Key-Stone State would soon be able to demonstrate the fact, that she is undep the wealthiest in the confederacy. Her best wealth is, however, in the industry and frugality of her people. We may remark, by the way, that the annual reports from other States in the Union, show a much better state of facts and of feeling than we exhibited a few years ago. The country will soon stand on a better footing than it ever has before. The lessons though which we have passed, though bitter in the experience will be useful in the concentration.

In our columns to-day, is the commencement of Miss Segur's Prize Story. The reader cannot fail to be deeply interested in the story herself, and we have no doubt that the interest and sympathy will not diminish, but increase in the very last chapter. We think that the female world will be found one of those which will enter deeply into the plot in the manner. Its being finished, after the commencement of the story, is the impression it must make. When this story is complete, it is hardly necessary to recommend the reader that they open and read it in family of choice.—The Prize Poems, remain to be published. We doubt whether, since its first establishment, the One Peer ever had a better array of poetical talent. Library of belles letters than it has done this season.

THE LATE MURDERS.

New York remains in a feverish state of excitement relative to the late murder recently committed upon Staten Island, and the papers are full of the testimony elicited from witnesses who are examined from day to day. Certainly the subject has in it matter enough for those who delight to "sup on horrors." Principal witnesses against the accused are his wife, his son and daughter; and to cap the climax of terrific circumstances, Polly Bodine's examination has been of a character to fill the bosom of the spectator with horror. The circumstance that the excitement of the examination has caused the premature birth of a child is appalling.

The circumstances appear to be developed something in this connection: that an improper connection existed between Polly Bodine and the man Waite; that Waite had proposed to purchase the building in which his store was, and that Bodine and another claimant for that which he was able to raise was a thousand dollars; that Polly Bodine either murdered her husband herself, which is extremely probable, or was privy to the murder, which is certain; and that after the death of Bodine, Waite was about to marry the deceased, and was seen about the house and yard clothed in the garments of the murdered man. The bodies could not be found until discovery of what would seem sufficient to repel the strongest heart, is presumed to have been in the mind of the murderer.

Very many articles belonging to the deceased, have been brought forward by pawnbrokers, who have also identified the watch presented Bodine as the person who pledged them. Many were found on Waite's premises, and as far as is ascertained in the examination concluded, and he is held in custody for trial as accessory to the murder. Her examination will be resumed this morning, at which time Mr. Somerton to the chinonest morsels. He was in unusually high spirits, and a more happy family party could scarcely be met with.

From that day, which was two years ago, to the present time, Mrs. Somerton has never found fault without cause. Once or twice, indeed, she has gone so far as to think several about nothing, but the frown left her countenance at once when Edward began to whistle; in a low tune, as if unconsciously, the first few bars of "In my cottage near a wood."

NEW POLICE BILL.

There is before the Legislature a bill for regulating the police of Philadelphia, introduced and presented by Mr. Tustin, and its object is to concentrate the action of the police upon criminal matters, without subjecting them to the interference of the politicians of the city and districts. We subjoin an abstract:

The bill consists of seventeen sections. It divides the county into three districts, the first district, all the city proper; the second, all above Vine street, and the third, all from South to the south line of the county. The Governor, with consent of the Senate, is appointed to select the twelve Judges of the city, to be put on each of the police districts, to hold their offices for ten years, and to have exclusive jurisdiction in criminal matters, and jurisdiction in criminal cases of justices of the peace, and remain in office but at a salary of $1,500 per year. A majority of the police Judges to appoint "able and competent and sober citizens of the United States" as constables for the police districts, to consist of three times the number of township constables, except serving civil process. The jurisdiction of these Judges and constables to extend and embrace all parts of the city and county.

The Police Judges to have summary jurisdiction over all disorderly and tippling houses, surety of the peace and vagrancy, and to perform all their respective duties, and power to hear testimony and punish contempts in such cases, but without felonious intent, by fine not exceeding $100, and imprisonment not exceeding 30 days. A proviso in the bill gives the person sentenced to an appeal to a higher court. Such Judges are also to be members and a jury trial, if he considers himself aggrieved. The Judges and constables are to enforce all the ordinances of the respective municipal corporations in the county, and no municipal police officers, except constables, is to be appointed by the said corporations. The Judges are to have a seal of office, to all official documents which they may issue, and power to make legal laws and regulations for the police. Official misconduct on the part of the Judges to be a misdemeanor, cognizable by the Supreme Court. One police station in each district is to be provided with accommodations for the watchmen, and which is to be near the police Judges are to hold a court for granting licenses for the sale of spirituous liquors, and on theatre or circus is to be opened without a license. The bill has been taken out and put to the police Judges.

THE MORMONS.

Mormon news is generally rich—such is impudence, is novelty, and in the blind faith of the great Joe Smith's followers. For instance, we hear that the Mormons have recently held a meeting at Nauvoo, at which they resolved that "Joe Smith is not guilty of any charge made against him by the State of Missouri." The city authorities have power to issue writs directing the imprisonment for life of any person who shall come within the corporate limits of Nauvoo, with a legal process for the sale of liquors, and on theatre or circus is to be opened without a license. The bill has been taken out and put to the police Judges.

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GREAT EXPRESS ROBBERY.

Matters are in train which will probably lead to the detection of the robbers of Dunphy's Express. Philo N. Ray, landlord of a well known public house of Syracuse, has been arrested and sent to Rochester, on the testimony of a woman in Rochester. The woman is employed in the house of Ray, and saw the whole $5000 in bank bills of the Union Bank of New York, which she says were left with her by Ray, and says that she has been paid $500 for her trouble. She says that she was taken from the steamboat, at the wharf in New York, to Howard's hotel, where the money was divided between Ray and Howard. That Dunphy the Express man, Reid, a man named *Sands, and two others, whose names we have not been able to learn, were in the principle in the whole affair.*

Why Mr. Rust was discharged, or whether it is sure that he is or no, we do not understand. His character has always been very high, and a member of citizens of Rochester, and Auburn and Syracuse have published a card and is fully vindicated by Mr. Rust.

THE LADIES MOVING.

On Monday morning last, in the Philadelphia Court of Quarter Sessions, William D. Lyle, Esq., presented and had read in Court a memorial signed by upwards of 12,000 ladies of the city and county of Philadelphia, praying the Court to take away from the Court of Quarter Sessions the matters of tippling houses and the granting of tavern licences, and praying their House of Refuge, and to confer the same upon the Court of Common Pleas, where the ladies have against the keeping open of drinking houses on the Sabbath. Judge Parsons, who is the senior Judge, stated that the petition was entitled to, and should receive, the most respectful consideration—that he would submit it to his brother Judges, and that the opinion in relation to the subject would be prepared by the Court in banc, and delivered during the present term, when the petitioners and the public officers of their rights and duties under the law in reference to the grievances complained of. The petition was ordered to be filed in record.

ANOTHER COMET.

In Connecticut, where all the miracles are first announced, they have discovered another comet. It is to be found in the constellation Andromeda, in the Eastern part of that Heavens. The New Haven Courier publishes a notice of the stranger, written by a correspondent, who says:

"It was first seen in the Clark Telescope belonging to Yale College, on the 27th of December last. Observations were repeated on the 29th and the morning of the 30th. Moonlight and cloudy have since prevented observation till Saturday evening, January 6th, when I obtain of Quetelet was very striking. The appearance place on the 29th ult., (I have not the observations before me,) was between the 1st and 2d. 10h. 0m. decl. 3d. N. I will only add that the apparent motion is toward the N. E. and that at Yale-la-pale, the present seat of Government of the Cherokee Nation. If lad and bare white mare could only be kept away from the Indians, they would find less difficulty in visitating their characters.

DOUBTFUL.

The New Orleans Tropic has a letter from a correspondent in Havana, stating that an insurrection had occurred on two plantations near that city, which was not quelled until *five hundred slaves were shot down.* The Havana papers of the same date as the letter, says nothing of this. Five hundred is a very large number, and it is extremely probable that the Tropic has been misinformed. No other New Orleans paper has any news like this, and the only evidence is that the terrible narrative is altogether untrue, or that it is based upon an exceedingly slight foundation.

A PROPER TESTIMONIAL.

The citizens of Coventry, (Ct.) the birth place of Hale, the gallant any youthful martyr of the Revolution, met about making measures for the erection of a suitable monument to his memory. Hale's character was as good as that of Andre, and his dying words, showing his patriotism was ardent, and his fate melancholy; and yet we suspect the history of Andre is always better remembered than that of the country than that of Hale. While we would by no means have a noble foe forgotten, we would have a noble countryman duly remembered.

WHAT A MUTTON.

It is stated in the Goshen (N. Y) Republican, that Mr. Lazier, of Wawayanda, in that county, recently slaughtered a sheep which weighed, when dressed, one hundred and fifty-one pounds. They do well some where for a dollar a head—this would be a bargain worth having at that price. Our farmers do not all give the time necessary to the raising of mutton, which properly cared for is among the best food that comes to the table. Good mutton is the best and cheapest of all—poor mutton is "most tolerable and not to be endured."

IMPROBABLE.

When the public mind is once turned to extensive commercial details, certain small minds immediately make it a point to invent new and improbable heroes to throw into the common stock. In this way arose the story, we contributed a statement that E. K. Avery recently died in Ohio (where in Ohio is not stated) and before death made a confession of the murder of Sarah Maria Cornell, and of two or three other females. This is, we are fully persuaded, a fiction. It bears the marks of falsehood upon its face.

A GOOD ARRANGEMENT.

Some Yankee, in or near Albany, has invented a new method of "raising the wind." The mendation, will be pronounced, by all the women, just the thing that was wanted. The invention is all about a new sort of fire. The cinders are thrown in at one end; at the other, a crank is turned which separates the coal from the cinders, and the air sent out for burning; the ashes fall into one box and the coal into another, and the great beauty of it is, that not a particle of the dust escapes out of the

CHANGES ENOUGH.

Gov. Kavanaugh, of Maine has, we regret to see, been compelled by ill health to resign. The Portland Courier says that the Governor will have had no less than five governors within the short period of one year, viz: Gov Fairfield, elected in 1842, resigned; Gov Kavanaugh, President of the Senate, 1843, resigned. Gov. Dunn, Speaker of the House 1843, resigned. Gov. Hubbard, President of the Senate, 1844. Gov. Anderson, elected for the year 1844.

WORTH SEEING.

A Georgia paper says that there is a mountain in Rabun county, near the Carolina line, that is now throwing out large quantities of smoke, and appears to have been conquered by the Cherokee himself. It is deeply regretted by his friends in this country, who had conceived for him the greatest admiration and respect.

SINGULAR.

The Buffalo Gazette mentions some most curious facts. Two cows have recently been sent at Hinsen, Tompkins county, one of which was on the land of Mr. A. Lazier. At the depth of eighty-seven feet, they found a bed of fine charcoal, and at the depth of ninety feet the same vein of pure flesh, of about the size of a man's arm. The other cow had a calf in the same boring. At the depth of forty-seven feet, they found a stratum of leather, which, being drawn to the top, was found to be a perfect shoe, of the finest calf skin. When this was removed, the auger was drawn up, and was discovered to be in the calf, and with this the boring of the day were ended, which, on examining, were found to contain human hair and bones in length. This hair was examined through a microscope, and found to possess its natural glow.

NEW STATE.

A proposition has been introduced, by bill, into the Legislature of Tennessee, to form a new State out of the territory of what is called "East Tennessee." It is said that the Eastern and Western parts of the State differ in interests and pursuits; and the project has been before the public for some time, and is said to be favorable to the measure. It would make a difference in the representation in the House of Representatives at Washington, it would give the South two more members, and the North one, of course, be perfected without the action of Congress. It will form the first case of the kind which has ever come up.

FROM HAYTI.

Things seem yet far from quiet in Hayti. The different parties of order are said to divide the inhabitants into different but bitter factions. On the 5th of December, there was a large gathering of the disaffected, about fifteen miles from the city of Aux Cayes, and the President sent one of his aids to ascertain the purpose of their assembling, but they, instead of respecting his mission, treated him with violence and insult that he died soon after. General Reveru then marched against the insurgents, attacked and routed them, taking their flag, and

The latter was shot at once, and at last dates all was quiet.

ANOTHER MAIL ROBBERY.

The stage running between York and Gettysburgh, Pa., was robbed of its mail-bag, on Saturday night, the 6th inst., by one of the most unique public promenade or pleasure ground in Europe. The Garden of the Tuileries in Paris might be placed in one corner of it, and at times; it is several times larger than all the Parks of London, James, Hyde and Regent—taken together. In the fall and winter months during the gay season, than any other similar place of amusement in Europe. The greatest what is extraordinary in the matter, is the entire of trusting anything to his conveyance.

ANOTHER STEP.

The philanthropist grows daily in the hope of the day. The Spring, which in that part of Germany is a regular season, is just one of the days are cool and the nights not chilly, and nearly received attention. The Indians are incapable of civilization. We learn from the Van Buren Intelligencer (Arkansas) says that the Cherokee Indians are about to take a step which, on examination, were found to contain human hair and bones in length. This hair was examined through a microscope, and found to possess its natural glow.

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MR. SPENCER.

It is stated that the nomination of Mr. Spencer, as Judge of the Supreme Court, has been referred in the Committee on the Judiciary, by the Sec'ate, with the understanding that it will be considered if he will first resign his office of Secretary; but, it is said, that he declines to resign the one till he is sure of the other.

DICKINSON COLLEGE.

The annual report of this College states their present number of students at 139. The institution was never in a more flourishing condition than now. Among the professors are several of the best scholars in the country. The Rev. John P. Durbin, D. D., is at the head of the College.

GEN. JACKSON'S FINE.

On Monday, in the Legislature of this State, a joint resolution in favor of refunding Gen. Jackson's fine, passed both Houses, and was approved by the Governor.

Our Traveller.

VIENNA & THE AUSTRIANS.

NUMBER II.

The Viennese are, of all the Germans, the most sensual people. Eating, drinking and dancing form the three principal amusements of the Austrians. Sensuality is the trait most distinguished by a peculiar physical well being, which she massed in France; but the Viennese neither eat, drink or dance after French manner. No other people, the Italians scarcely excepted, live so much in the open air. They take breakfast in gardens; they dine down in country; they sup or take coffee on some public promenade. The best public gardens never open their doors before seven o'clock in the morning and even thirty instruments, so that the favorite pieces of operas, waltzes, &c., are literally performed from six in the morning till late at night in all the public places, walks, gardens, and principal restaurants of the city. I remember a colonel in the army who was also particular friend of music, and who delighted in having found out one coffee-house in the city, where he could hear a concert every day that most popular of all the arts of Vienna.

The greatest public garden is the *Prater* (freely said in, fated, and so formed by the Emperor Joseph) on the most unique public promenade or pleasure ground in Europe. The Garden of the Tuileries in Paris might be placed in one corner of it, and at times; it is several times larger than all the Parks of London, James, Hyde and Regent—taken together. In the fall and winter months during the gay season, than any other similar place of amusement in Europe. The greatest what is extraordinary in the matter, is the entire of trusting anything to his conveyance.

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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$2 per annum; $2 if paid in advance; $1.50 in advance for six months.

Postmasters are requested to act as agents. Address to us. The word "free" or "paid" is not a frank. No papers will please unless the money for the volume accompanies.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post Office unless the postage is paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher if arrearages are due.

Only Bank Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for subscriptions.

Agents are authorized to collect and receipt for subscriptions, under such circumstances as they may think proper, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give a receipt and send the cash.

Remember, most always state the Post Office to which you receive the paper is to be addressed.

LIST OF AGENTS.

☞ The following agents will still act for the Saturday Post, under the terms specified:

☞ TRAVELING AGENTS: In Delaware, Maryland, District of Columbia, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Tennessee, Kentucky, Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Canada, [illegible] Whipple, William H. Weld, O. H. P. Stone, and Henry Bell.

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CHARLES NEEDLES.—"A man is accepted of many men on Change, for his honesty, and by women for his wealth," we cannot describe in shorter phrase than by saying that he includes all the current wealth and now works, the reverse is accepted.

THE LOWELL OFFERING for January is for sale by Carey, Hart, the Discontinued number of Fowler's American Phrenological Journal, and a very neat and convenient pocket Almanac for 1844, with a blank leaf to each month for notes.

HANNAH MORE. No. 8. Peeson's Poems and Essays. No. 9 Ch. Chesterfield's Letters. Two of the cheap editions of Harrold Moore's complete works—without which the library of no family can be said to be complete.

Congressional.

IN SENATE, Wednesday, January 31. Two resolutions, the first of some force, were offered by Mr. Woodbury were adopted. They instruct the Committee on Finance to inquire into the expediency of prohibiting by law the allowance of any drawback imposed by acts of Congress to Missouri, Illinois, and parts of Wisconsin and Iowa.

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Sacred Poetry.

THE WIDOW OF NAIN.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

The Roman centurion stood beckoned and still
Beside the Gate of Nain, by the side of a hill;
It seemed to the city that none else drew near
Who gazed on the bier and shrunk back with fear,
And the still crowd the form of the mother beheld,
And hush'd his wail sorrow in the sight of her grief.

Alone, by the bier of her only son, knelt
His life's watch, and on his cheek rested
Of some poor woodcutter, for cold'd his head
And slumberously wrapped in his mantle.

The dull, hot murmur of life went
Through the silent city, and the sound of feet
Hasten'd not, and the voice of the mourner
Call'd to her husband, and stood unnerved
By the wide stream below, and the sunlight
The whole throng crept slowly. They came on,
Bearing a body on its bier,
And by the crowd that in the burning sun,
With wish-bones and sinews starting out,
Mocked it with unconscious energy. The broad gate,
Where the centurion stood, was reached,
Inner door came in. Nain
With the cassia's nutty bark. The hill-top
Where the dead were laid, and the loaded camel
Kneeled at the turning stone of the door to rest
Were passed, and still the throng pressed on,
Which, the white dust of travel. He had come
Three hundred times Capernaum's gate,
To see his face by green Bethesda's pool;
Had watch his foot on Kedron's stony wall,
And seen him mentioned upon Tabor's side
To each fellow-traveler. He had met him
Commonwith road cool upon the East,
And by the sea-shore, and in the city,
The weary traveller might rest at noon;
And never had he known him falter or faint.
The grasses of Jordan bent lightly under him.
Yet could he not make, but passing on,
From every swelling ascent, to spy afar
And the hills the humble spires of Nain.
The place of his rest arrived, and by
Tirzah's not Bethesda, and a frequent way
Upon the lone hay plentiful.

Forth from the city came the pitying crowd
Follow'd the bier to the burial place. They came near
The place of burial, and, with straining breath,
Crowd upon bed beneath the cheap of the hill,
And with a gurgling sob, quick as a child's,
The mother broke from the centurion's side.
The dim gaze rested not upon the sepulchre,
Nor upon the bier, nor upon the form it bore.
Right on, with straining eyes and outstretched arms
She came to Him, and threw her self down
"Weep not!" he said, and as they stay'd the bier,
And at his bidding laid it on the earth,
He gently drew the pall from out her grasp
And said to the young man who lifted him,
With troubled wonder the mute throng drew near,
And pass'd on his calm face. He touched the bier,
He stood and prayed. Then, taking the cold hand
Of the dead, he said, in a voice that all
Distinctly in its compassion, and unclothed
Has through the lines of the divided lips,
And with a power of its wonderful will,
He rounded and sat upright in his shroud.
And, while the mourner hung back with fear,
Jesus went calmly on his way to Nain.

Choice Articles.

SANDY WRIGHT
And the Orphan.

FROM MILLER'S "NOTES AND LEGENDS OF THE NORTH WOODS."

Early in the month of April, 1734, three Connecty boatmen connected with the coasting house, were journeying along the unsettled road which at this period winded along between the capital of the highlands and that of the kingdom; they had already traveled since morning more than thirty miles through the wild highlands of Invernesshire, and were now toiling along the steep side of an uncultivated valley of Balmouth.

The gloom of the evening, deepened by a coming snow-storm, was closing round them as their colored one of the wildest recesses of the valley, as, suddenly precipitous hollow, scooped out of the side of one of the hills, the path began to bowl through the clefts, and the thickening snow to beat in their faces. The house to which they were to pass the night was still ten miles away. "It will be a terrible night, lads, in the Moray Firth," said the foremost traveller, a broad-shouldered, deep-chested, strong looking man, of about forty-eight. "I would ill like to has to beat up through the drift along the rough shores of Caithell; it was just such a night as this, two years ago, that old Walter Hogg went down in the Red Sally." "It will be as terrible a night I'm fearful, just where we are, in the black wrath of Balmouth," said the first of the band, who seemed much fatigued: "I wish we were a safe in the clachan." "Hoot, toot," said Sandy Wright, the first speaker, "it cannot now be much'e mair nor six miles before us, an we'll has the tail of the gloamin for half an hour yet. But gude save us! what's that?" he exclaimed, pointing to a little figure that seemed sitting by the side of the road, about twenty yards before him—at a stretch a fairy. The figure rose from its seat and came into staggering unsteady form, when it met them; it was a boy, scarcely more than ten years of age. "It is my boy Ned," said Sandy Wright, "what can has taken ye here so a night like this?" "I was going to Edinburg to my friends," replied the boy, "for my mother died, and left me among the *ferme*, but I to tired, and cannot walk farther, and I'll be lost, I'm fearsed in the gowdrift!" "That ye will not, my puir bairn, if I can help it," said the boatman, "gives a hand o' your hand," grasping, as he spoke, the extended hand of the boy, "dinna fear heart, and lean on me as much as ye like." But the puir little fellow was already exhausted; after a vain attempt to proceed, the boatman had to carry him on his back. The storm burst on all in its fury, and the travellers had blinded, had to grope onward along through the rough road, still more roughened by the snow-wreaths that were gathering; they stopped at every fresh brace, and turned their backs to the storm to recover breath, and every few yards they advanced they had to stoop to the earth, to ascertain the direction of their path by examining the outline of the ground between them and the sky. After many a stumble and fall, bruised, and in many a groan and exclamation from the two boatmen behind, who were well nigh worn out, they at length reached the clachan in safety about two hours after nightfall.

The inmates were seated round an immense peat fire, placed, according to the custom of the country, in the middle of the floor; they welcomed the two strangers, and Sandy Wright, drawing nearer the fire, began to chafe the hands and feet of the boy who was almost insensible from cold and fatigue. "Bring me a mutchpan o' brandy here," said the boatman, "or drive me out the cold frae our hearts, and as the supper canna be ready for awhile yet, get me a puncn for the boy: he has had a cursed rampage, puir little fellow, an maybe there's some that would mave him, laste-ways he would only hear him the wife roars on the gable an' rattles of the weapons and the lave. Oh, it's an awful night at the Moray Firth!"

Sandy Wright shared with the boy his supper, and his bed, and on setting out on the following morning he brought him along with him, dragged the unwilling urchin to the coasting house, she threaded his porridge an inconsiderable quantity of the little fellow, though simple, was very affectionate.—His mother, a poor widow, had lived for the last five years in the vicinity of Inverness, supporting herself and her boy by her skill as a seamstress. As early as her memory could extend, a great affection for reading, and with the success all books of Scottish, mother had wrought early and late to keep him at school; but her efforts were always unsuccessful, and after a severe struggle of nearly four years, she at length sank under them.

On day, said the poor little boy, "when she was sick, poor, slaughtering creature as I am, and she called me to her, and told me that when she should be dead I would need to go to Edinburgh, for I had no friends any where else. Her own friends were there, she said, but they were poor and couldna do muckle for me: and my father's friends were there too, and they were rich, and such, though they would not help her. She told me to be fearsed by the way, for that Providence here every bit of, and that he would make folk be kind to me. I have letters to show when I get to my mother's friends when I reach the town, for I can read and write."

Throughout the whole of the journey Sandy Wright was a father to him. He shared with the boy his meals and his bed, and usually he carried him on his back. On reaching the Queensferry, however, the boatsman found that his money was well nigh expended. I must put my self and him across, thought he, without paying the fare. Sandy was not so with much difficulty. "Ay now, my boy," said he, as they reached the head of what is now Leith walk, "I has business to do at the exciseman's, and I'll necessary to get; but I must first try and find out your friends for ye. Look at your letters, and tell me the street and the number where they put up." The boy untied his little bundle, and caused some place in the vicinity of the grass-market, and in a few minutes they were both walking up the High street.

Oh, yonder's my aunt," exclaimed the boy, to a young woman who was coming down the street, "yonder's my mother's sister;" and away he sprung to meet her, and was instantly recognized and welcomed. The boatman, however, the instant he saw the kind friend who had rescued him from the sea-wreck, and the destruction of the boy's parents. The father had been a small farmer in the north of Scotland, whose fallen had separated him from his friends, and the children of the family had become irreconcilable by marrying a low-born but industrious and respectable young man, who, despite of their birth, was deserving of a better wife than the daughter of a beggar. The poor woman, "who are gentlemen of the line, were lately lingering about the bay, and will, I hope, be here in a few days." Sandy Wright began the boatman certainly heard. "Ay now, my boy,